THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1534.

Choice Poetry.

SONGS AND HYMNS OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Lord! we are thankful for the air,
For breath of life, for water fair,
For morning burst, for noonday light,
For alternation of the night;
For place in Thy infinity;
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

For years and seasons as they run,
For wintry cloud and summer sun,
For seed-time and the autumn store
In due succession evermore,
For flower and fruit, for herb and tree;
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

For beauty and delight of sound,
That float the universe around;
For carol of the happy birds,
For fall of streams, for gush of words,
For [illegible] of the earth and sea,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

For sight, for touch, for taste, for smell,
For sense of life ineffable,
For health of mind and strength of hand,
For power to know and understand,
For every joy we feel or see,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

For daily toil that we endure,
For labor's recompense secure,
[illegible]
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

[illegible]

Original Novelet.

THE BAYMOUNTS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS LESLIE, AUTHOR OF "MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS," &c., &c.

PART THIRD.

[illegible]

...tions of Jempsiana, and descended to the front parlor, where Frank (though feeling a little constrained in his best clothes,) managed to introduce his sisters with a tolerable grace. His intention was to shake hands with his new cousin, yet he did not get beyond a stiff bow. But Nelly, saying softly to her sister, "Who's afraid?" bravely advanced, and kissed the cheek of their new relative; while Jenny, who was afraid, bashfully hid behind her brother, till Julianne seeing her embarrassment, kindly drew her out, and saluted her. They then sat down; Frank and his sisters in a row together, and Julianne in a chair opposite to all three.

There was a pause for a few moments, which Julianne broke by saying to Frank,

"What is the price of buckwheat?"

"We have not sowed our buckwheat yet," was his answer; "and we can hardly tell what it will fetch in the fall—it depends on the crops."

"When you cultivate a wheat-field," said Julianne, "which do you think best, to plough or harrow it?"

"We mostly do both," answered Frank.

"Planting oats must be very tedious," remarked the agricultural young lady.

"We sow oats."

"How much butter can you make in a day?" pursued Julianne, turning to Nelly.

"That's according to the cream we have," replied Nelly, "and the cream is according to the milk, and the milk is according to the cows."

"Spinning must be very delightful work," proceeded Julianne, turning to Jenny, "spinning the fleeces of innocent sheep."

"Wool-spinning is rather too hard to be very delightful," was Jenny's reply. "There's no great pleasure in running all day at the big wheel."

Our heroine then thought of another question, which she addressed to Frank. "Have you a mill for grinding cider?"

"We have a mill for grinding apples. The juice of the crushed apples becomes cider."

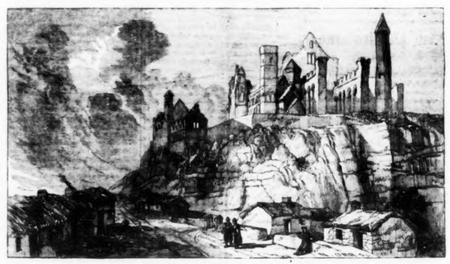
"Oh! yes. I know. Will you not make me some cider when I come to see you?"

"In the fall when the apples are ripe, and cider-making begins, I will send you a barrel."

While this talk and more of the same description was going on, Jempsiana stood outside, with the door a-jar, making sundry signs of disapproval to the young lady; and Julianne, who saw her in the looking-glass, could not imagine the purport of these strange grimaces and gesticulations, and went on with her questions; believing that she was meeting her farm-cousins on their own ground, and pleasing them greatly by desiring information on the topics they best understood—a common mistake, and not peculiar to the young and inexperienced. The farm-Baymounts, however, were rather amused than displeased, and Frank fearing his sisters would laugh out, rose and shut the door in Jempsiana's face to...

[illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.



THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Cashel is a famous name in Irish annals, and, like many other parts of Ireland, the town that bears it is rich in picturesque remains and romantic legends, but miserably poor in everything else. [illegible]

Cashel is situated in the parish of St. Patrick's Rock, in the county of Tipperary, about [illegible] miles southwest from Dublin, and near the river Suir. The town is built round an insulated mass of limestone, called the Rock of Cashel. [illegible]

On the introduction of Christianity among the Irish, in the 5th century, Aengus, one of the Kings of Cashel, was one of the disciples of St. Patrick. From him descended Cormac, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, in the beginning of the tenth century; it is supposed that he built the chapel with a stone roof, which is still standing on a summit of the rock. Among the buildings on the rock is a round tower, of which nothing is known but that it has existed from a period earlier than tradition; there are also on the rock a cathedral, built by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, towards the end of the twelfth century; a hall built by Archbishop O'Hedrian, in 1421, and the remains of the Abbey of the Rock [illegible]

...purpose of roasting the Archbishop whom he suspected of being inside; and when reproved for the sacrilegious act by King Henry VII., he replied that he would never have thought of doing it had he not been told for certain that the bishop was in it. This bold reply so pleased the king, that he made the audacious earl Lord Deputy of Ireland, saying that "if all Ireland could not govern him he was the fittest person to govern all Ireland." But Ireland has not yet been governed for all that, and is not likely to be.

In 1831 the population of Cashel was about 7,000; the Roman Catholics in proportion to the Protestants are as 30 to 1. The place is in a wretched state of decay, a great part of the town... [illegible]

[illegible]

SIRI, THE SWIMMER.

MISS BREMER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[illegible]

Pictures of Life.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

[The following story illustrates the mingled vindictive ferocity and submissive obedience which distinguishes the Russian soldiery—as also the frequent cruelty of their commanders.]

On the 22nd day of May, 1841, a battalion of the military colony, established at Novogorda, was drawn up on the parade ground adjoining the extensive barracks, constructed in the most ancient and solitary portion of the city, near the church St. Sophia.

In front of the ranks stood General L——, a tall man of fifty, remarkable for his erect carriage, meagreness, sallow complexion, and large grey, restless eyes. He was known throughout the camp for his bravery, of which he had given many brilliant proofs in the campaigns of Turkey and Prussia; it was clear that domestic infelicities had soured his temper, or that his heart had become hardened by the frequent applications of a discipline, degrading in its nature, and often horrible in its effect. General L—— had become a terror to the soldiers; and scarcely a day passed in which his command was not signalized by acts of such severity as well deserved to be called ferocious.

It was well known that this man cherished a profound attachment to a young girl, the daughter of an old companion in arms, killed in battle. He adopted the orphan child, brought her up with care, and never allowed her to be separated from him. And she, although grateful for the kindness of her father, by adoption, was not the less governed by an irresistible feeling of constraint when in his presence, the result of his stern brevity of speech, imperious manner, and cold severity of aspect. She was known among the troops by the expressive name of Solowiova, (Nightingale,) given to her in recognition of the grace with which she sang the wild pathetic ballads of the Sclavonians.

Solowiova, to please the general, appeared at the reviews. One day she was sitting at a window of the general's quarters, in a room on the ground floor, whence her eyes ranged along the extended ranks—and a bright flush overspread her features as her glance rested for a moment on the handsome features of a young surgeon-major, Ivan Poloyoi, whose manly form was set off to a rare advantage by the simple uniform of his military grade.

General L—— passed and repassed along the front line of the battalion without a single word, but with a frowning brow and an angry expression on his features, for he perceived that some of the men were absent. Suddenly was heard the slow and muffled beat of a drum, and from the extremity of the plain was seen advancing a band of soldiers, each carrying in his hand one of those long rods which are still used in the Russian service as the tool of a hateful punishment. At this sight the general turned in amazement to his aids, and in a voice of thunder demanded who had given the order, and who was to be the victim.

A sergeant, conspicuous by his scarred and livid countenance, darted before the general, snatched from him his sword, struck him on the face, and coolly answered, "You!"

At these words an electric shock seemed to pass along the ranks, and a gleam of hate lighted up the habitually passionless features of the men. By a spontaneous movement, the officers advanced from the line to the rescue of their commander; but in a moment they were seized, thrown to the ground, and menaced by half a score of bayonets.

Ivan was alone exempted, for his humanity had won him the affections of the troops. A grenadier who stood near him, whispered in his ear, "Whether the nightingale sings or remains silent, do not move. A word, a single step, and you are dead."

Recovering from his stupor, General L—— grasped with each hand one of the bayonets pointed at his breast, turned them aside with a powerful effort, and cried out, with a ferocious glance along the line, "To your knees, vile brutes, and beg for mercy, or there will not be skin enough on your backs to expiate your crimes."

A savage chuckle was the answer to his threat, and the sergeant with frightful tranquillity, which indicated a settled purpose, said—

"Every one of us knows the doom that awaits him and is prepared to sacrifice his life. When your sentence is fulfilled, we shall go before General [illegible], the Governor of Novogorod; we shall lay at his feet your sword, belt, orders, and what remains of your body, and we shall say to him, 'General L—— was a tiger; we have slain him; here are our weapons, we wait our punishment.'" And thus saying, the sergeant tore away the general's epaulettes and trampled them under his feet.

"These decorations belong not to you," he continued; "a knout should be borne by the executioner. Remember the soldier [illegible], scourged with rods for having been a moment too late in presenting arms. Remember the old subaltern, who, for a spot on his uniform, was ordered by you from the ranks, and struck upon the face with your whip, until the blood ran down his cheeks. The unhappy man, frantic with rage and pain, lifted his hand in resistance, and for that he was flogged and sent maimed and dying, to Siberia."

The sergeant, while he spoke, had continued, with a terrible composure, to strip the general of his vest, his coat, and his under garments.

"That subaltern, like myself, bore the name of Guedenoff; we were born in the same hamlet—he was my brother."

In spite of his indomitable firmness, the general could not refrain from shuddering, as he listened to this fearful accusation so eloquent in its calm simplicity, so passionless in its brevity. As for Solowiova, she had looked on at first with vague wonder, unable to comprehend the scene that passed before her; but when she saw the general deprived of his sword, his uniform torn away, and his form exposed, then she began to perceive the purpose of his assailants, and to understand that he was doomed to receive the degrading punishment he had so often inflicted. Seized with horror, she rose to her feet, clasped her hands in supplication, and shrieked in terror and despair.

Ivan had till this moment stood motionless and silent; but he could not resist the anguish of her he loved. He forgot the stern excitement of the soldiers, the hopelessness of his interference, and made a step forward; but the loud ring of a musket was heard—Ivan threw up his arms, turned on his heel convulsively, and fell to the ground a corpse. The bullet had pierced his heart.

A gigantic soldier stepped forward from the ranks, lifted the body, and bearing it to the window where Solowiova stood, threw it at her feet, saying—

"Nightingale, this belongs to you."

White as marble, she gazed upon the corpse of her lover, bent towards it, wiped the bloody forehead with her handkerchief, gave forth one bitter cry, and fell by its side.

Meantime, General L—— had been bound to a gun carriage, dragged through the ranks, and scourged with rods, the torture of which was but the beginning of his punishment. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line, when a voice exclaimed—

"To the oven!"

The unhappy general, half dead with agony, heard the words, and knew their horrid meaning. One hundred voices repeated,

"To the oven!"

A frightful paleness overspread his features; his courage gave way; he groaned, and begged for mercy; but the hurrahs of the battalion drowned his voice, and Guedenoff, approaching him more, replied:

"I, too, begged for mercy, when my brother fell dying with the blows you ordered!"

We shall not pursue the hideous details of the scene that followed, only adding that General L—— and the superior of the battalion, shut up in ovens, which the vengeful soldiers took care to heat slowly, were literally baked alive.

This crime presented a frightful originality, and it was deemed meet its expiation should be likewise. The tidings were borne to the Emperor, and, eight days afterwards, several battalions of artillery marched through the streets of the ancient Russian capital. They had been preceded by a major-general, who had won for himself in the Polish campaign, the title of Warsaw Executioner. One of his aids appeared at the barracks of the mutineers, and ordered them to parade the next morning, in fatigue dress, and without their weapons, in the small square at the Western end of the city. They replied by their invariable karacho, (good,) put on their long grey coats and round caps, and oiled their moustaches, as for an ordinary field-day; then, pale, silent, and with white lips, but keeping perfect order in their ranks, they traversed the city between two files of Cossacks, followed by the terrified gaze of the inhabitants. On their arrival in the square, they posted themselves in solid columns, noiselessly, and without confusion.

The drums beat, the bells of the churches pealed forth a solemn clang, and the batteries of cannon planted in the avenues that led to the square, opened on them a deadly fire of grape-shot. Each discharge was succeeded by a shout, a multitudinous groan, mingled with the wild songs of those who prided themselves on dying like men who knew no fear.

Three hours the fire was kept up; and when, at the close, the executioners of this awful sentence traversed the place through a lake of blood, they found but five whom the grape-shot had not reached. Among these was the sergeant, Guedenoff. They all perished under the murderous blow of the knout. The sergeant maintained his firmness and composure to the end. Stretched on the fatal plank, he seemed unconscious of the lash that tore his bleeding flesh, and, addressing the executioners, he coolly asked if his allotted number of blows would soon be complete.

"They are finished now," said the executioner.

"So much the better," replied Guedenoff, "for I am very hungry."

Selected Articles.

"GIVE WISELY."

AN ANECDOTE.

One evening, a short time since, the curate of B——, a small village in the North of France, returned, much fatigued to his humble dwelling. He had been visiting a poor family who were suffering from both want and sickness; and the worthy old man, besides administering the consolation of religion, had given them a few small coins, saved, by rigid self-denial, from his scanty income. He walked homewards, leaning on his stick, and thinking with sorrow how very small were the means he possessed of doing good and relieving misery.

As he entered the door, he heard an unwonted clamor of tongues, taking the form of a by no means harmonious duet—an unknown male voice growling forth a hoarse bass, which was completely overscreeched by a remarkably high thin treble, easily recognized by the placid curate as proceeding from the well practised throat of his housekeeper, the shrewish Perpetua of a gentle Don Abbondio.

"A pretty business this, Monsieur," cried the dame, when her master appeared, as with flashing eyes, and left arm a-kimbo, she pointed with the other to a surly-looking man dressed in a blouse, who stood in the hall, holding a very small box in his hand.

"This fellow," she continued, "is a messenger from the diligence, and wants to get fifteen francs as the price of the carriage of that little box directed to you, which I'm sure, no matter what it contains, can't be worth half the money."

"Peace, Nanette!" said her master; and taking the box from the man, who at his approach civilly doffed his hat, he examined the direction.

It was extremely heavy, and bore the mark of San Francisco, in California, together with his own address. The curate paid the fifteen francs, which left him possessed of but a few sous, and dismissed the messenger.

He then opened the box, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Nanette an ingot of virgin gold, and a slip of paper on which were written the following words:

"*To Monsieur, the Curate of B——*,

A slight token of eternal gratitude, in remembrance of August 28th, 1848.

CHARLES F——,

Formerly a Sergeant-major in the —th Reg't., now a gold-digger in California."

On the 28th of August, 1848, the curate was, as on the evening in question, returning from visiting his poor and sick parishioners. Not far from his cottage he saw a young soldier, with a haggard countenance, and with blood-shot eyes, hastening towards the bank of a deep and rapid river, which ran through the fields. The venerable priest stopped him, and spoke to him kindly.

At first the young man would not answer, and tried to break away from his questioner; but the curate, fearing that he meditated suicide, would not be repulsed; and at length, with much difficulty, succeeded in leading him to his house.

After some time, softened by the tender kindness of the curate, the soldier confessed that he had spent in gambling a sum of money which had been entrusted to him as a sergeant-major of his company. The avowal was made in words broken by sobs, and the culprit repeated several times—

"My poor mother! my poor mother! if she only knew!"

The curate waited until the soldier had become more calm, and then addressed him in words of reproof, such as a tender father would bestow on an erring son. He finished by giving him a bag containing one hundred and thirty francs, the amount of the sum unlawfully dissipated.

"It is nearly all I possess in the world," said the old man, "but by the grace of God, you will change your habits, you will work diligently, and some day, my friend, you will return me this money, which, indeed, belongs more to the poor than it does to me."

It would be quite impossible to describe the young soldier's joy and astonishment. He pressed convulsively his benefactor's hand, and after a pause, said:

"Monsieur, in three months my military engagement will be ended. I solemnly promise that, with the assistance of God, from that time I will work diligently." So he departed, bearing with him the money and the blessing of the good man.

Much to the sorrow and indignation of Nanette, her master continued to wear through the ensuing winter his threadbare suit, which he had intended to replace by warm garments; and his dinner frequently consisted of bread and *soupe maigre*.

"And all this," said the dame, "for the sake of a worthless stroller, whom we shall never see or hear of again!"

"Nanette," said her master, with tears in his eyes, as he showed the massive ingot, whose value was three thousand francs, "never judge harshly of a repentant sinner. It was the weeping Magdalen who poured precious ointment on her Master's feet; it was the outlawed Samaritan leper who returned to give him thanks. Our poor guest has nobly kept his word. Next winter my sick people will want neither food nor medicine, and you must lay in plenty of flannel and frieze for our old men and women, Nanette!"—*Household Words.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

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We trust our old friends, the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the postage is just the same on a few sheets apart, as on the thinnest and poorest of the small papers.

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First and foremost, Mrs. Southworth's splendid tale almost exclusively to the Post. Mrs. Southworth is, in our opinion, decidedly the greatest female novelist of America; and, in many respects, she is superior to any other novelist in the country, of either sex. Her new story, to commence about the first of January next, will be entitled,

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S TALE.

In the interval of Mrs. Southworth's Novelette, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have two now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz:

TOM INCH HASH, by T. S. Arthur.

THE TEXAS HUSBAND, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, Amusing News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

And as a guarantee for the Future, we point our readers, and the public at large, to our management of the Post in the Past. We know that we have never boasted of any reasonable expectations to make the Post what it now is, the leading weekly of the country. And we are determined that our readers shall have the best original and selected matter that money and tact and industry can procure.

Shall we not have the active support of our numerous friends, in all sections of the country, and ? We hope to double the number of our subscribers in a great many places, this coming season. A little activity on the part of our friends will do it, and invite us to renewed exertions on their behalf.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F.—is respectfully informed that his piece is too long for insertion in our columns, even if their merits were not questionable.

We are sorry we cannot extend to J. P. the encouragement he is asking for. It is probable that late might be favorably received by some other paper of a magazine. That it does not suit us or our readers appears to

Ed. We have a number of articles in prose and verse on hand, very few of which we shall be able to publish. Without exception, those we select for use are not to exceed three the prescribed limit of the word, we do not keep it strictly to rule.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The anti-Catholic agitation in England (and not exclusively, but appears to increase. Lord Shaftesbury's Catholic resolutions has taken the field against the usurpations of the Pope, and maintains that his appointments to English Bishoprics are derogatory to the crown, and at variance with the constitution. It is said that the high church party will unite, at the approaching session of Parliament, to abolish all vow of religious Romish ecclesiastics in Great Britain, Ireland and the colonies; to repeal the Maynooth grant, and all other payments to Romish ecclesiastics; to abolish the national system of education; to prohibit, hereafter, the Protestant Irish bishoprics, and add largely to the number of English bishoprics; to banish Jesuits, and adopt an English ecclesiastical code. It is said that the Queen has taken the oath of allegiance to her Majesty, also, to exclude all dissenters in Parliament from voting on church matters, and to forbid the appointment of the crown to give her majesty any voice in ecclesiastical matters; and making it the exclusive duty of the archbishops to advise upon all matters affecting the church, whose power is proposed to make perfect as well as monarchical. We have no idea, however, that half these measures will pass Parliament. One of them, we think, will be strongly opposed by all Dissenters from the Established Church.

It appears that heretofore it has been the practice for Roman Catholic Bishops to reside in England, but they were not appointed to have titles. It was the custom of the Pope to bestow upon English Bishops honorary seats in the Sacred College, and these titles they bore while residing in England. For a long time the English Catholics have desisted from their Bishops elected such honors, and some three years ago Jerry to grant such a request, though it has been one of the most persistently granted, though it has been one of the most persistent. The objection of the Protestants to the Pope's patronizing our English crown immediately among the Bishops. If anyone is more matter of bewilderment, and trouble also to Americans, but we must remember that England was the females to orders dance of heretofore between the two peoples, and that the sentiment still lingers in the national heart. We now confess to have the belief that Parliament will at least abolish the Roman Catholic hierarchy, even if it does not withdraw what it has already conferred. For the moment in the affairs of Great Britain, the Roman Catholic question is the popular mind, and everything in that line thought is to be apprehended from the new order of things.

A serious riot had taken place at a Protestant meeting in Birmingham, the police were ordered to fire before the mob, and the troops had to be called out to restore order. It appears to have been caused by an attack upon the meeting by a number of Catholic laborers. A second meeting was advertised for the same night, and attended but was apprehended. A Catholic priest, and some other Catholics, were arrested for the riot.

The riot rose from Germany to a deeply-seated warlike character. The common acquaintance between America and France, are said to have succeeded in settling all its complaints, and that an end has succeeded that France should in return for the Pope's withdrawal from Italy. It is further said, that the American army is being reinforced by the addition of 50,000 men, which it was long, would be completed ready to embark at a moment's notice. The former was in the office of the army of the Potomac, and the French Embassy nothing new can prevent a war, but the crash and continuing character of the French King. If hostilities break out, France will no doubt receive her American ally's pay. But such an event, it is difficult to see how France and England could ultimately avoid being put with Chinese forces at present they are applied to be opposed to her.

France and America have been for a long period, the great rival states of Germany. New Orleans became national influence to France, and Boston to America. Both France and America are in favor of a great German Empire, and Europe; but each wishes to be at the head of it. One has been a chief in Frankfort, the other a chief at Erfurt.

This natural rivalry between France and America, is believed by some political philosophers to be greatly aggravated by a difference of race and religion. Northern Germany is generally Saxon and Protestant, while Southern Germany is, to a considerable degree, Celtic, and almost universally Catholic. When the heads of these Celtic played the tyrant, and sent forth to parts his little army, he appealed for aid to Austria and Bavaria, while his people, who are Protestant, looked for help to Baden and Prussia.

In fact, say the reasoners to whom we have alluded, race and creed explain all the political tergiuns of central Europe.

Such there is these, though they probably contain some truth, must not be taken too absolutely. We find numerous exceptions to the rule advanced by he laid down. Before us, like Prussia and Italy, Catholic, and Russia is strongly inclined to Republicanism. Wirtemberg is Protestant, and yet, we believe, adheres to Austria. The leaders of the Hungarian race, Magyars and Protestants; but the great mass of the Slavonian population of Hungary, adhered to the popular cause. While a large portion of Austria is Protestant, another large portion appears to be a natural foe of the Slavonian and Russia. And in these United States, we find Saxons, Slavonians and Celts,—Protestants and Catholics,—almost equally strong in the republican faith.

It is not necessary that nations should be of different races and religions, to quarrel right heartily, either with or without a cause. England and the United States will answer for one instance of late. They are both chiefly Anglo-Saxon (as it is termed), and Protestant—and yet they are always inclined to bicker. In South America, also, the people need no difference of race and religion to keep up our everlasting quarrel, an occasional cat and dog fight, in which they are always ready to engage with each other. That a difference of race and religion is apt to be, with ignorant and bigoted people, a fertile cause of quarrel added to the many others which they possess, is undoubtedly true. Still such nations will always find something to fight about, were it only that one side mustard and the other does not. While the example of this country proves, that sensible and enlightened persons of different races and religions, can live together in peace and harmony—counting, of course, for the exceptions to the rule, that unreasonable religious disputes, as things not particularly to be depended and certainly unavailable in the present condition of mankind.

A GREAT HOAX.

Our readers doubtless have observed the grand reception given by our Government—through Mr. Webster, Secretary of State—to a Turkish gentleman, calling himself Amin Bey, an alleged Envoy from the Sultan of Turkey. Mr. Webster, at this country, for the benefit of the Sublime Porte. Mr. Brown, the interpreter of foreign tongues at Constantinople, who accompanied Amin Bey, modestly asked for some $2,000 to defray his expenses. Mr. Webster, however, thought more than $10,000 should be appropriated to defray the expenses of the representative of the Turk, and so accordingly it was voted, and Amin Bey and Mr. Brown, in royal style, went to the statesman's retreat, and introduced to the "first circles" of Washington, Boston and New York.

But, sufficient time having elapsed for Brown's somewhat ridiculous proceedings to reach Constantinople, letters are dispatched from American residents in that city, informing the good people at home that they have been very cruelly and shamefully hoaxed—that even the grand "Janisaries" who attended Amin Bey, as Turkish noblemen, has been most unhappily taken in, and made fools of.

It appears that Amin Bey is simply a young officer of the Sultan's, enjoying the rank of Kaimakam, equivalent to that of Lieut. Colonel, which in the Turkish service is of comparatively small rank; who, at the solicitation of Mr. Brown, was permitted to accompany him to the United States, for the purpose of going through a course of study as our naval cadets, with the object of acquiring a knowledge of certain new American inventions. Mr. Brown, having quitted his post without the necessary leave of absence, ought to feel his pupil into an Envoy, in order to give a justifiable excuse for so doing. But the charts worked prodigiously beyond the original design of the Kaimakam, and the hoax acquired dimensions before and after. Having given him the title of Envoy, he was generally considered Ambassador, and Mr. Brown as their effectually—doing duty as Secretary.

We may now ask, in conclusion, what right Congress has to appropriate money to give dinners to and to present the travelling expenses of a Turkish, more than of an English or a French Envoy? Will those eloquent Congressional constructionists for a strict interpretation of the Constitution, now, perhaps, perceptibly "straining at gnats and swallowing camels," inform us?

BROWNSON AGAIN.

Mr. Orestes Brownson, the celebrated philosopher, who, having tried almost every Protestant faith, at length entered the Roman Catholic fold, and last, so far, compounded the old adage that "every apostate is worse than born Turks," this time has undertaken to convert the whole of the New Englanders with that of Irish laborers and Canadian Frenchmen.

He had often addressed audiences composed of Irish laborers and Irish, and, indeed, on his many recent principles of religion, philosophy, politics, and science, he had long been a favorite, and had followed him step by step, understanding him as well as he could, and applauding his eloquent and always applauding intelligently. So, therefore, he had no doubt of the most refined and best educated audiences on similar subjects, but had observed nothing but a blank expression, and what than this was borne?

Mr. Brownson is no counterfeit or politician, that the most means why educated audiences may give no "loud cheers," while ignorant people applaud, is that the former have been taught to think for themselves, and to form their own opinions, while the latter, proficiency, politics, and morals, prejudice and bigotry.

In the latter, the paraded balloon thought it was an invitation to the Christian to go up and be lifted and clouding multitudes below, endeavor not for I am the throne of perfection; and a philosopher who is standing on the ground, and looking at it, and, seeing it, pointed the balloon, which collapsed, and the Christian fell to the ground, and was not the arrow but made. If Mr. Brownson had been addressing Irish laborers, he would have felt it necessary to keep clear of "refined and well-educated" audiences, and those which are ready to applaud every thing that is "loud" and "strong" and "capable manner, whether they understand it or not.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

It is said that experiments have been made in Paris, with a view to ascertain the effect of the phonograph on machinery to accompany dancing. The experiments were made in the presence of the author of the former with. For example, the operation, standing near the instrument with the hand on the machinery, was to ascertain if the phonograph was capable of keeping time to the dance, having a greater or less number of dancers, and to ascertain the effect of the music.

With this statement is verified by the philosophers. The Parisian, as soon as he is very excitable in relation to things scientific discoveries. There is nothing too wonderful for him to believe. Even the ancient fable of Memnon's statue, which, according to the old mythology, uttered a sound every morning at sunrise, is believed by the Parisians to be true, and that the statue has made. If Mr. Brownson had been addressing Parisians, he would have found them ready to believe that the phonograph was capable of keeping time to the dance, having a greater or less number of dancers, and to ascertain the effect of the music.

LECTURES.

A course of lectures, under the auspices of the National Philosophic Chemistry and Electricity, is being delivered in the Hall of the Lecture Room of the Franklin Institute, by Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass. The first lecture was delivered on Tuesday evening last, and was largely attended. The subject was "Vegetable Alkalies," and was treated in the same place. Doubtless both these courses will be exceedingly instructive and interesting.

Agricultural.—We understand our readers to be interested in the subject of agriculture, and we have published a number of articles on the subject of late years. We have since received in the Agricultural Department at Washington, and have been forwarded to us by Hon. Mr. Curtis, M. C. from this district, which we shall publish in due time.

Mr. Curtis has also sent us seed for us to distribute among our readers, which we shall do as soon as we receive a sufficient number of applications.

Mr. Curtis appears to have sent a package of seed to every member of Congress.

Mr. Curtis has also sent us seed for us to distribute among our readers, which we shall do as soon as we receive a sufficient number of applications

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1850.

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LAW REFORM.

We think that our readers generally, will be interested in the following article from the New York Tribune:

LAW REFORM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

While in this State we are holding back in the career of law reform and allowing it to be delayed by the prejudices and interest of the lawyers, it is advancing in the country whence the old common law is derived at a rate which must surprise those not acquainted with the facts. For instance, the English Lord Chancellor has lately issued a series of orders changing the old mode of Chancery pleading in certain cases and adopting substantially the form of complaints provided by our Code. The Code has also been examined at length in the *Law Review*, the first legal periodical of the kingdom, and commended in the most unqualified terms, as a worthy model for British imitation.

The *London Times* notices our suppression of the Court of Chancery and the conferring of equity jurisdiction on the Law Court as a change startling only to ignorance or prejudice, and proper to be adopted by England. And it is expected that a movement for the abolition of the forms of action and the substitution in that respect of common sense for unintelligible technical lingo will be successful in the coming session of Parliament. What the view of some of the most emi- [illegible]

[illegible]

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

[illegible]

in a position to do so; but now when those cabinet officers are no longer in their places, he presses a resolution calling for the number of removals, and accompanies it with the remark that there had been unprecedented proscription. He desired the country to notice the fact, that the resolution calling for reasons and causes of removal was not pressed when that could be answered, and when the response might not be so favorable to the persons removed; now, when the reasons cannot be furnished, he asks for the numbers removed for the purpose of showing unprecedented proscription. This did not look like justice.

Mr. Bradbury detailed the various reasons which delayed the vote on the resolution during the last session. On the day fixed for taking the vote, the death of the President was announced. He had a right to speak of unprecedented proscription. Gen. Jackson was denounced for removing 491 Postmasters, while in one year the late administration removed 3,400 Postmasters. During twelve years under Jackson and Van Buren, only 288 persons, whose nominations required confirmation by the Senate, were removed; and how many times 288 were removed in one year by the last administration? If the reasons could be given for this proscription, the Senator himself is here and can do it, and he should do so, for his remarks convey the impression that political opinion was not the cause.

Mr. Mangum said this subject was before the Senate last year, and the Senate was tired of it. The men at whom the blow was aimed, have passed away. The object was to make speeches, and they have been made. He moved to lay the resolution on the table, but withdrew the motion for

Mr. Seward, who said that no other man was more favorable to the past administration than he was, and at no time would he have voted against the resolution in its present shape, but he could never have voted for it in its original shape. It was then an encroachment on the Executive. He would vote for it now, and desired all the information respecting the late Administration to go out, because he felt satisfied that its illustrious chief would be sustained by the whole people.

Mr. Ewing said that some persons were removed because unfit for office, others because they were appointed in reward for partisan service, and held office for the same reasons, and there were more removals than were made under Jackson; but Jackson did not, when he came in, find all the offices filled by a host of political partisans, placed there to defeat his election, and to war on his Administration.

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

General News.

CALIFORNIA: A GLOOMY ACCOUNT.

The passengers of the steamer Alabama who arrived at New Orleans on the 28th from California, have published a statement of the condition of things in that country, with a view, as they say, of correcting the false and exaggerated reports sent to this part of the country respecting the success of the miners. They say they had never witnessed such scenes of suffering as were presented by the mining districts. Twenty thousand miners have been engaged all the summer, in the Southern mines, in damming and turning the rivers Stanislas, Tewaiama, Mercedes and other streams, the beds of which have all proved barren of the precious dust. They have exhausted all their means in this unprofitable labor, and are deeply in debt to the merchants. The raining season, which commences in November, will force them back, penniless and destitute, to the towns, where they must be fed and supported during the winter, or sent back to the States, either of which appears almost impossible. The great object of a California emigrant is no longer to make a fortune, but to save money enough to pay his passage back to the States. This is sometimes the labor of months. But here is their own statement:

The bankers, merchants and traders, whose business transactions extend throughout the [illegible]

[illegible]

President Fillmore's Answer.—It is stated by correspondents at Washington that the reply of President Fillmore and of Mr. Webster to Governor Seabrook's demand, why so many U. S. troops were concentrated at Fort Moultrie, has been received, and creates a sensation. The President replies, in substance, that this is a question which the Governor or Legislature of South Carolina has no right to put—that by the Constitution he is Commander-in-Chief, and has a constitutional right to dispose of the U. S. forces in barracks, when he considers it best for the public interests. As he is not responsible to State authority for his action, he respectfully declines answering the inquiry.

Tanning Leather.—A process has lately been invented by Marmon Hibbard, of Rochester, N. Y., by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes, the ordinary process requiring six, eight and ten months. "The leather," says an exchange, "is tanned by a compound of chemicals, and, in time and materials, is a saving of at least five thousand per cent. over the present slow method of making leather." The right was sold for $100,000. The inventor will undoubtedly make his fortune. If the chemicals do not deteriorate the leather, or in any way injure it, this is certainly one of the greatest improvements of the age.

Two Marriage Questions.—The Associate Reformed Synod, of South Carolina, at its late meetings, rejected a proposition to authorize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Presbytery of South Carolina, (O. S.) answered in the negative the question: "Is it lawful that marriage be solemnized between parties standing in the relation of nephew and aunt by affinity?"

Foreign Population of Massachusetts.—The Advertiser says, that by the recent United States Census, the number of inhabitants born in foreign countries, residing in Massachusetts, is a little more than 18,000, or about 18 per cent. of the whole population. If to this were added the children of foreigners, the number will come up [illegible]

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

MANUFACTURE OF PENCILS.

[illegible]

BLITZ IN AN OMNIBUS.

A night or two since, Blitz, the renowned magician and ventriloquist, took a seat in an omnibus, containing seven or eight passengers. The coach had only proceeded a couple of squares, when the driver heard some one exclaim—

"Hold up—hold up, I say!"

The horses were stopped, and John looked around smilingly for his passenger, but none appeared. With an exclamation, he gathered up his reins, and said "get up." Pretty soon some one cried out—

"Stop, driver, stop!"

The driver again stopped, and looking down into the coach, inquired what was wanting. The passengers eyed each other, as much as to say, "I didn't speak!"

Again the coach rolled on, only to be stopped at the next corner by the heart-rending squeaking of a poor, run-over pig. Instantly each head was thrust out of the windows to behold the death struggles of the grunter, but no grunter was to be seen. In another minute, some one exclaimed, in a gruff voice,

"Keep off my toes!"

Every one looked around, but in vain, for the man with the damaged toes. The passengers were completely bewildered. At the next crossing the coach stopped to take in a lady. Hardly had she taken her seat, before she exclaimed—

"Let me be—keep your hands off me!"

The gentleman seated next to her, said, very innocently,

"I didn't touch you, madam!"

And the driver, looking down, shouted—

"Look-a-here, in there; if you're gentlemen, I'd thank you not to take improper liberties with the lady passengers—it won't do!"

The lady made an observation as the coach rolled on, but she was not understood. They had scarcely gone a square further, when the passengers were startled by the cries of an infant. Instantly all eyes were fixed upon a middle-aged gentleman, who had a carpet-bag on his lap. The man blushed, and stammered out a [illegible]

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, DEC. 14.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

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ALMANAC.

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STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

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Selected Poetry.

I OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR.

BY CHARLES P. SHIRAS.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife!
The wealth of rich neighboring Squire,
But bid me still to be stout of heart,
And cheerfully to labor for hire.
Our home is not like that of some rich belles
That must have the last imported fancy;
Is paid the night. So we'll trip up forth
With glad beats on the morrow!
Oh, the debtor is but a downhearted dog,
With the reddiest sense on his collar,
While I'm a king and you are a queen,
For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor, you save in his couch to-day,
With his wife and his fleeting daughters,
While we sat down at our cornbread board,
To a crust and a cup of water.
I saw that the tear-drop stood in your eye,
Though you tried your best to conceal it;
I knew that the content reached your heart,
And you could not help but feel it;
But knowing me, that our vanity lies
The mind my neck from the collar
You'll join me laugh and help me clear
That we owe no man a dollar!

The neighbor whose show has dazzled your eyes,
Is in fact, a worn-bed debtor.
I pity him, all from my very heart,
And I wish that he was more better.
Why, the man is the veriest slave alive,
For his fashion wife and daughter
Will live in style through the greatest pressure—
So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter;
But he feels it the tighter every day
That terrible debtor's collar
Oh, what would the world, could he say with us,
That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more
Within the hearts I must keep
Speaking away with a lightened air
As if a load had been lost,
Yet he find them a very worthy man,
Whose chief with the greatest pressure—
When I called to name, and found to stop,
Though in sight was full of care.
He held on for one, as I held him last,
Till he rated my true character,
Then I shook his hand as I proudly said,
Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

As I now you smile, as you bid me leave
I know that a dun ought to honor you
In that gentle bread was inviting
Tomorrow, I'll see with a quiet strength,
To follow on their labor
But see we sleep, let us humbly pray
For our sweetest bed for slumber
And we'll pass the time when all shall be
Free
From the weight of the debtor's collar
Where the pressure of hard times can't reach us,
Now I owe no man a dollar!

Alabama Indy. Press. *Chronicle.*

Selected Articles.

THE APOSTLES:

THEIR LIVES, WIVES AND CHILDREN

A great deal is said in the ecclesiastical history about the Apostles themselves, but very little about their families. In this view a French writer asks the following questions. Was the Apostles married? did they have children? what became of those children? whose did those Apostles live? where did they write? what became of them? did they have a history? did they carry else a rich ministry? did they have a jurisdiction over the faithful? were they bishops? did they have a hierarchy, rites and ceremonies? These questions are curious and the reply involves a great deal of obscure antiquarian learning.

1. Were the Apostles married.

There exists a letter attributed to St. Ignatius, the martyr, in which are these decisive words: "I remember once more the like that of Ethel, of Jeremiah, of John the Baptist, of the chosen disciples Timothy, Titus, Euodius Clement, who lived in chastity; but I do not blame those others, happy in the bonds of marriage, and I hope to be found worthy, of God, in following their traces in his reign, after the example of Isaac, Jacob, Isaiah, and of the other prophets, such as Peter and Paul, and of the other Apostles who were married."

Some scholars have pretended that the name of St. Paul is introduced in this famous letter. Tillemont, and all those who have seen the letter, et St. Ignatius in Latin in the library of the Vatican, have found, that the name of St. Paul is found in them. And Asseman does not deny that this passage exists in some Greek manuscripts but he pretends that these were added by some modern Greek.

There was in the ancient library of Oxford, a manuscript in Greek of the version of St. Ignatius, in which these words are found. I do not know whether it was learned with many other books, at the taking of Oxford, by Cromwell. There is still one in Latin in the same library, in which the words "*Paul et Apostolorum*" are effaced, but in such a manner that the ancient characters may be easily read. It is certain that this passage is contained in many editions of these letters.

This dispute concerning the marriage of St. Paul, may be very frivolous. What matters it whether he was married or not, if the effect Apostolate were so? We have only to read his first Epistle to the Corinthians to prove that he might have been married like the others. — Have we not a right to lead about a wife, a wife as the other Apostles and of the brethren of the Lord and Cephas? (St Cephas and Barnabas, have not we the right to forbear working? Who goeth warfaring any time at his own charges?" It is clear from this passage that of the Apostles are married as well as St. Peter.

And St Clement, of Alexandria, declares positively that St. Paul had a wife. The Roman discipline has changed, but that does not prevent there having been other customs in the earliest times.

2. Of the Children of the Apostles.—We know very little concerning their families. St. Clement of Alexandria says that Peter had children, that Philip had daughters whom he married, that the Acts of the Apostles speak of the four daughters of Philip who prophesied. It is not believed that there was one married, and that she was St. Helena.

Eusebius reports that Nicholas, chosen by the Apostles to succeed to St. Stephen in the holy ministry, had a very beautiful wife of whom he was jealous. The Apostles having requested him for his faith, he married himself openly declaring his motive therein and—I am willing to relinquish me, but those who will take my wife." The Apostles did not accept his proposition. He had to be content with the love of his daughters.

Cleopatas, mentioned by Eusebius and by Epiphanius was husband of St. Joseph, and father of James the lesser and of St. Jude, whom he had by Mary, sister of the Holy Virgin. The latter, St. Jude, the Apostle, was therefore cousin to Jesus Christ.

Hegesippus, quoted by Eusebius, says that the grandchildren of St. Jude, were cited before the Emperor Domitian as descendants of David, and as having an incontestable right to the throne of Jerusalem. Domitian, fearing that the report was one of this right, questioned them himself. They exposed their genealogy, the Emperor asked them what was their fortune; they answered that they possessed thirty nine acres of land which paid tribute, and they were laboring men. The Emperor then asked them when the kingdom of Jesus Christ would appear? They replied that it would be at the end of the world. After which Domitian let them go in peace, which proves he was not a persecutor.

Simeon a Hebrew. The London Lancet refers to the following extraordinary story:

Late one evening a person came into our office and asked to see the Editor of the Lancet. He being introduced to our sanctum, he placed a bundle upon the table, from which he proceeded to extract a very fair and accomplished lass of twenty, which might have matched "Atlanta's better part," and which had evidently belonged to a woman.

"There," said he, "is there anything the matter with that?" Did you ever see a finer specimen? What might the man to be done with, who had that off?"

On having the meaning of these interrogatories put before us, we replied that we had no notion of our writing either. He had been so enamored to admire for leg and foot of the lady, of the perfection of which he, in spite of his profession, was a fair connoisseur, he had excited her anger, and they had quarrelled violently, upon which, as a last resort, declaring that she would be revenged on him, and that he should never again see her, the object of his admiration. The next thing he heard was that she was a patient in the hospital of surgery, and had by the surgeon employed to declared to the surgeon that she understood that pain it had been, and resigned to have the limb removed—a petition the surgeon complied with, and thus became the unfortunate of her own shaved revenge upon her husband.

☞ A wedding ring was recently found in England, in the heart of a turnip. It had been lost in the garden ten or twelve years before.

THE LEFT-HANDED DUEL.

ANECDOTE OF BRANCH T. ARCHER, OF TEXAS.

In the Fall of 1839, Mr. Archer was a young Virginia lawyer of some note. Going to Pawhuska Comet House on business, he accidentally met General Crump, a small, sharp-featured gentleman, with prominent eyes, large lips, and a nose like the eagle's beak, was cool, sarcastic, and clinging as a wasp. There might be some of the fibres of a dozen duels in the men that settled like smoke in the cold around the camp-fire. In each, every separate word issued through his teeth with a shrill and menacing hiss. He never seemed to forget one instant that he was the most famous *dead shot* in Virginia. In conversation with Crump aboard a mail in which there were opposing counsels, the latter made offensive remarks, or insinuations, of which Mr. Archer demanded an explanation.

"I have no explanation to make," said Crump, and he set his keen eyes upon the other, as if he would slay him with a glance. The bad, was a point number.

Archer threw his entire soul into one stern answer.

"Then I demand of you to retract the insinuations you have made against my motive?"

"I will add that I have no apology to offer. I retract that!" said Crump, with a sneer, and turning on his heel, he strode off. — I am going to my room at the hotel to wait for your commendation. If you have any for me."

Colonel Archer's friends gathered—in clusters around him, entreating him that he would not further his life in a duel with Crump. His resolution was sure and deadly. But he would not be persuaded.—he mused Crump, and he persist in the attempt. A formal challenge was soon passed, and accepted, and the meeting was arranged to transpire at sunrise the next morning, on the summit of a hill, two miles West of Pawhuska Court House. At the time and place designated, a great throng collected to witness the combat. Crump and Archer had both arrived at the field, and saluted each other coldly through the pantaloons of twilight. With the gentle glimpse of the sun, the principals were right into full position by their seconds, and all hearts in the multitude thrilled with strangest feeling, but one figure, determined and deadly were the countenances of the two foes, although the countenance of Crump, and would be set very different. Crump's visage wore the living portrait of a devil. Archer's face, but the blue eyes of Archer seemed overcharged with the lightning of steely swift. The word being given, the two pistols reported simultaneously. Archer's bullet grazed Crump's left temple, but his aim was right and fell directly to his side.

"Ha! I have winged my game!" cried Crump, in tones of mocking triumph.

"Yes!" but I have still a wing remaining at your service!" shouted Archer, shaking his other arm in the face of his enemy, and demanding an immediate shot.

Again the weapons of death were loaded, and the parties took their places. Archer stood bare to his foes, although the blood was streaming down from his wounded arm, and stood as pallid as marble, but his features were white as marble—so white that he might have been mistaken for a ghost, and, indeed, these appeared every reason to suppose that he would finally be a ghost at the next explosion of Crump's pistol. Yet he gave no evidence of fear. Looking his antagonist steadily in the face, he exclaimed:

"General, you now have every advantage. I will not, however, be content to one leg, for, if you were not a coward, you would do the same."

Quick as thought, Crump changed the weapon from the right hand to the left, and immediately the word to fire was repeated. At the sound of the pistols, both enemies fell. Archer had received a shot in the heart—the effect of his previous wound, but Crump was shot through the heart.

POWER OF KINDNESS.

"Tom!—here!"—said a father to his boy speaking in tones of authority.

The lad was at play. He looked towards his father, but did not leave his companions.

"Do you hear me, sir?" spoke the father more sternly than at first.

With an unhappy face and reluctant step the boy left his play and approached his father, when he spoke in tones of kindness, and bade him sit down by his side.

"Tom, you have been told more than once, that you must not play on the Sabbath day. You were told this morning, and now I have called you here to remind you of it again. Do you remember the command?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, but as a downcast look fell on the face of his father, whose countenance changed.

"You Tom! is that doing as I ordered? Is that going quietly?" called the father, when the boy, with a sweeping curve—"If you are not back in half an hour I will punish you."

But the words had little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of the punishment, and the appearance of a severe and unpleasantness that would last long these hours. He sorrow he was like his father, proud and stubborn, and he indulged in them, fearless of consequences.

I never can watch a boy," said the father, addressing his wife, "and I observed the other day that Lewis stands bold and break like the eagle. Now, I must watch Tom, and punish him for every disobedience, while the others sweep over the heart by disobedience and now and thereon all the time, as I have done before, and I shall not have to punish Tom more severely."

Thus the father reasoned, and thus he acted, but with little thoughtful. An hour passed away ere the boy returned, and his father observed that he was angry at the father, and meditated the infliction of punishment. But the words of reason, and the kind look of his father, soon softened his heart.

And the last came slowly in, with a subdued countenance, and reported the result of his actions. The father looked at him, and considered he punishment, and was prepared to be stern in with an angry demeanor. In his surprise, after delivering the message, he looked at his father, instead of angry and reproved and punishment.

"I very well, my son, you can go out to play with your companions."

The boy went out, but not with the happy heart, and thoughtless and disobedient brothers and sisters. He had received a lesson that would last him through life, and he never forgot it. He was a man of worth and no doubt he himself, growing up to be a man of worth and no doubt he himself, growing up to be a man of worth and no doubt he himself, growing up to be